

The Chronicle History

Enter the Herald.

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not
That we haue fined these bones of ours for ransome?

Her. I come great King for charitable fauour,
To sort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the fiedle lye spoiled and troden on.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I do not know whether the day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keepe the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God therefore:

What Castle call you that?

Her. We call it Agincourt.

Kin. Then call we this the fiedle of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin, Crispianus.

Flew. Your Grandfather of famous memory,
If your Grace be remembred,
Is do good seruice in France.

King. Tis true *Flewellen*.

Flew. Your Maiefty sayes very true.
And it please your Maiefty,
The Welshmen there was do good seruice,
In a Garden where Leekes did grow,
And I thinke your Maiefty will take no scorne,
To weare a Lecke in your cap vpon S. Dauies day.

King. No *Flewellen*, for I am Welsh as well as you.

Flew. All the water in Wye will not wash your welch
Blood out of you. God keepe it, and preserue it,
To his graces will and pleasure.

King. Thankes good Countrey-man.

Flew. By Iesu I am your Maiesties Countreyman, (man.
I care not who kno it, so long as your maiefty is an honest

King. God keepe me so. Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the scattered French,

Exit Herald

Call

of Henry the fift.

Call yonder souldier hither.

Flew. You fellow, come to the King.

Kin. Fellow, why dost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?

Soul. And please your maiefty, tis a rascalles that swag-
gard with me the other day: and he hath one of mine, the
which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him: so hath he
the like to mee.

Kin. How thinke you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull to keep his
Oath?

Fl. And it please your Maiefty tis lawfull to keep his vow
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggarly knaue, as
treads vpon too blacke shooes.

King. His enemy may be a Gentleman of worth.

Flew. And if he be as good a Gentleman as Lucifer and
Belzebub, and the diuell himselfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vow.

King. Well sirrha keepe your word,
Vnder what Captaine serueth thou?

Soul. Vnder Captaine Gower.

Flew. Captaine Gower is a good Captaine,
And hath good litterature in the warres.

Kin. Go call him hither.

Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit souldier.

Kin. Captaine *Flewellen*, when *Alanson* and I
Were downe together, I tooke this gloue from's helmer,
Heere *Flewellen* weare it.

If any challenge it, he is a friend of *Alonsens*,
And an enemy to me.

Flew. Your Maiefty doth me as great a fauour,
As can be desired in the hearts of his subiects.
I would see that man now that wold challenge this gloue
And it please God of his grace I would but see him,
That is all.]

King. *Flewellen* knowst thou Captaine Gower?

Flew. Captaine Gower is my friend

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